Nath. Me hercle, If their sonnes be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*, a soule Feminine saluteth vs.

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaqu. God giue you good morrow. M. *Person.*

Nath. Master Person, *quasi* Person? And if one should be perst, Which is the one?

Clow. Marry M. Shoolemaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Nath. Of persing a Hogshead, a good lustre of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Iaqu. Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don Armatho*: I beseech you reade it.

Nath. Facile precor gleida, quando peccas omnia sub vmbra ruminat, and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the traueller doth of *Venice*, *vemchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perroche*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderstandeth thee not, *vt re sol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.

Hol. I sir, and verie learned.

Nath. Let me heare a staffe, a stanze, a verse, *Lege Domine.*

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue?
Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue.
Those thoughts to me were Okes, to the like Osiers bowed.
Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures liue, That Art would comprehend,
If knowledge be the Marke, to know thee shall suffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.
Which is to me some prayse, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.
Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweet fire.
Celestiall as thou art, O pardon Loue this wrong,
That sings heauens praise with such an earthly tongue.

Ped.

Ped. You finde not the Apostrophas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facilitie, and golden cadence of poesie *caret*: *Ouidius Naso* was the man. And why indeede *Naso*, but for smelling out the oderiferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: so doth the Hound his Master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But *Damosella Virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iaqu. I sir, from one Mounsier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will ouerglance the superscript.

To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline. I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person written vnto.

Your Ladiships it all desired imployment, Berowne.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a sequent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and goe my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgiue thy duetie, adue.

Maid. Good *Costard* go with me:
Sir God saue your life.

Cost. Haue with thee my girle. *Exit.*

Hol. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very religiously: and as a certaine Father saith.

Ped. Sir tell me not of the Father, I doe feare colourable colors. But to return to the verses, did they please you sir *Nathaniel*?

Nat. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill, vndertake your *bien venuto*, where I will proue those Verses to be very vnlearned, neither sauouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beseech your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text) is the happinesse of life.

Peda.

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